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Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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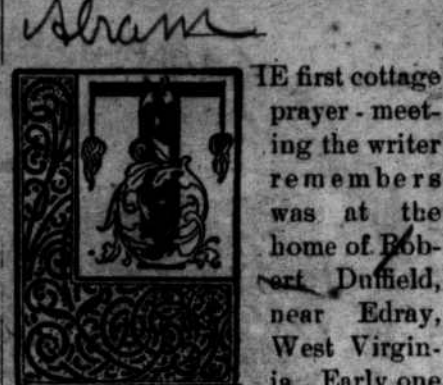


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JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.



Robert Duffield, son of Robert and Hannah Duffield, married Margaret Brock, daughter of Thomas Brock. He settled near the Sulphur Spring, now known as the Warwick Spring. The property is at present occupied by William Gay, whose wife, Mrs. Martha Gay, is a daughter of William Duffield.

Robert Duffield became the wife of Joseph Moore, son of the late Addison Moore, near Edray, West Virginia. Early one Sabbath in May, the writer's parents with their four children came to the Duffield home to attend the meeting that had been announced.

No one had yet arrived when he reached the place. Upon entering the porch, voices were heard within as if parties were engaged in reading or prayer. Standing by the door and listening we found that it was the venerable Robert Duffield reading to his invalid wife the account given by Mathew of our Redeemer's temptation in the wilderness. He was reading at the moment where it is written, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then she remarked: "Oh, that is so good, how encouraging it is for poor me." Finally the venerable resumed, and then prayed, after reading: "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him." Then again the same one observed, "Oh, how good to hear that our Jesus gained the victory. How safe it makes one feel to have him for our Savior who is so loved by the angels." There seemed to be mutual rejoicing over the Redeemer's victory, and if all the benefits of this victory had been for these two old people, and nobody else, their satisfaction could not have been, seemingly, more real. When silence intervened, we knocked at the door and were told to come in. There were the two old people, and no one else in the room. It was not long, however, before quite a number assembled, and the cottage prayer-meeting was a spirited one.

Robert Duffield is believed to have come from the lower Valley, during the Revolution or soon after, and at the time referred to was living on the farm now occupied by Newton Duffield. The venerable Mrs. Duffield was Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses Moore, the well-known pioneer, and ancestor of so many of our worthy citizens of the Moore relationship. From Mrs. Catherine Kellison, on the Dry Branch of Swago, we gathered the following particulars: Andrew Duffield was the eldest son of Robert Duffield's family. He married Jane Moore, daughter of Robert Moore, Senior, late of Edray. In reference to Andrew Duffield's family we learn that Robert M. Duffield lives in Jackson County, West Virginia. William Duffield, a Union soldier, died during the war at the home of Jacob Waugh, in Barbour County. Andrew Duffield, Junior, died of fever at the age of sixteen years. Rebecca Jane Duffield is now deceased. Eliza Duffield became the wife of Captain Walton Allen, of Clover Creek, who was a well known Union scout in the late war between the States. Catherine Duffield was married to Clark Kellison, near Buckeye, a Union soldier under Sheridan. He was also on detached service on the western plains after the war in the U. S. Cavalry. He received his discharge just in time to escape the Custer massacre.

John Duffield, son of Robert Duffield, the pioneer, married Rebecca Sharp, daughter of John Sharp, Senior, whose residence was where I. Wesley Irvine now lives. Mr. Irvine is a grandson of John Sharp. Mr. Duffield settled on the Mill property now in possession of S. D. Waugh, but in his last years lived on the farm where his father, Robert, had lived and died. John Duffield's sons were Hamilton, Wesley, Newton, who lives on the old homestead; Emory and McKendree in the West.

Andrew, a bright and beautiful little boy, the pet and pride of the household, was at play on the porch. His mother was busily

sewing just inside the door, not six feet away. Wondering what was keeping Andrew so quiet she turned to the door and found him dead,—strangled by the crupper of her saddle. The shock was such that she never fully recovered from the effects, tho she lived for more than fifty years afterwards.

Sarah Jane Duffield became the wife of Joseph Moore, son of the late Addison Moore, near Edray, West Virginia. Early one Sabbath in May, the writer's parents with their four children came to the Duffield home to attend the meeting that had been announced. No one had yet arrived when he reached the place. Upon entering the porch, voices were heard within as if parties were engaged in reading or prayer. Standing by the door and listening we found that it was the venerable Robert Duffield reading to his invalid wife the account given by Mathew of our Redeemer's temptation in the wilderness. He was reading at the moment where it is written, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then she remarked: "Oh, that is so good, how encouraging it is for poor me." Finally the venerable resumed, and then prayed, after reading: "Then the Devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him." Then again the same one observed, "Oh, how good to hear that our Jesus gained the victory. How safe it makes one feel to have him for our Savior who is so loved by the angels." There seemed to be mutual rejoicing over the Redeemer's victory, and if all the benefits of this victory had been for these two old people, and nobody else, their satisfaction could not have been, seemingly, more real. When silence intervened, we knocked at the door and were told to come in. There were the two old people, and no one else in the room. It was not long, however, before quite a number assembled, and the cottage prayer-meeting was a spirited one.

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Andrew, a bright and beautiful little boy, the pet and pride of the household, was at play on the porch. His mother was busily

friend, over eighty years of age, ever put to his lips the visible cup of salvation. I cherish with peculiar feelings his last words to me: "William, I would not have missed these ideas for anything."

W. T. P.
Blennerhesset P. S. A.

From The Cumberland (Eng.) Times.
There was a very crowded company on Sunday, the attendance reaching high water mark. Mr. Arthur Lawson gave the address. He was planned to read, to be with us, but he was unable to give the address, as he was some distance from making

him a person; and he thought that would hardly do. But he thought these P. S. A. meetings were good institutions, and he was pleased to do what he could to further their interest. He wished to speak to them on the subject of travel. He thought there were few things more instructive, or that contributed more to one's pleasure, than travel. He remembered that when at school he got more than one rap over the knuckles because he could not tell the exact whereabouts of some place of outlandish nomenclature; and he resolved, if he might be so privileged, to travel and see both where and what these places were. But if we were

TO MAKE THE MOST OF TRAVEL
there were certain things that were well for us to note. One was to be observant. It was a great gift when a man had a seeing eye. It was very astonishing how much some travelers saw; and it was still more astonishing how little was seen by others. It were well to cultivate the faculty of seeing; and next to that, and this was another thing to note, the faculty of discrimination. Abroad, as at home, things were not always what they seem; and to be able to discriminate, and then store it into the memory what was worthy only of real notice, was a great gift, and a gift should be cultivated. It had been his privilege, some time ago now, to travel on the continent of Europe and in the East. But he thought they might be most interested in what he might tell them about the Holy Land and Egypt. Mr. Lawson dwelt at some length on these two countries, giving descriptions of the different places visited, and of the life and manners of the people. He next of Constantinople, and considered that

THE TURKS
were innately cruel: when they would stand gloating and grinning over the death pangs of a dog in the street, as he had seen them, it was not to be wondered at that they were so callous of human life. He also spoke of the Crimes; and he could not but remember as he stood on the spot of the charge of the Light Brigade that when, after the disaster, the general was sorrowfully explaining to the men the blunder that had been made, then replied "My lord, we are ready to go again if you need be." That showed of what stuff the men of Britain were made—ready to dare anything in obedience to the call of duty. They visited Moscow at the time of a great religious festival, when nearly every other man one met was a priest. He should say that the Russian peasantry were a very religious class of people; but

GRIEVOUS BURDENS
under which they suffered cried aloud for reform. He should like to tell them something of America, where he had spent the last few years, but his time was gone. This much only he would say—that the men were marvellously go-ahead people, and that the American ladies were exceedingly fine. But after all there was no place like home, and no place like canny Cumberland. The people of these realms had reason to be proud of their country, and it should be for every one of us to do our best to make and keep our country both prosperous and great.—The address was listened to with much interest.

—Miss Thomson, Aspatia, accompanied by Miss Graves, sang with much skill and pathos the two solos, "Daddy," and "He wipes the tears from every eye." Miss F. Heasbald presided at the piano, and the Rev. J. Potts conducted the meeting.

[NOTE: P. S. A. means Pleasant Sunday Afternoon.—Ed.]
The Westfield (Ind.) News prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L. N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: 'I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for ten years and longer—and never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of its kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it.' It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by druggists."

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.

Those interested will hereby take notice not to plant any corn, vegetables, or any plant whatsoever that may be injured by the frost and snow that will come on night of the 31st of May this year. Our attention has been called to the fact that the sign is in the neck on the 31st of May, and when this is the case, snow, sleet, and frost is the result.

The conjunction of the planets on this date, according to Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, and Avicenna, is conducive of great dangers and inconveniences to agriculture, and whenever it so happens it takes care to blight the meadows and pastures, chill and destroy the newly sheared sheep, give the fattening cattle a setback, cause the fruit to drop from the trees, blight the garden, and frost the corn and encourage the depredations of the coppers worm, blast the wheat, and work wreck and ruin generally.

Do not let your skepticism make you one of those unhappy persons whose faith is too weak to be warned by the significance of the signs vouchsafed to the astrologer, whose eyes are able to penetrate the starry spheres and discern therein the decrees of heaven at a distance. Such have their hearts barred against conviction by prejudice and misperception.

"O, agriculture, see! trust thine own eyes."
A fearful sign stands in the almanac. An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind the radiance of thy planet—O, be warned, be warned.
The sign is in the neck, and that is where "You'll get it." —Schiller.

THE TWO DISASTERS.

One of the most moving accidents of the times happened in Paris the other day when the charity bazaar burned and about two hundred of the highest of the land of France perished in the flames. The bazaar has been an annual event and has netted charities about 1,000,000 francs each year. It was patronized by the nobility and the leaders of society. The dead are mostly women, among whom were many titled persons. The papers went wild over the horrible accident, in strange contrast to the attention they paid the disaster of the week before when a Southern city was swept away and an equal number of lives lost. The difference was that those who died in the city belonged to those Up Above and worthy of more consideration from the New York papers. That pesky New York Journal, for fear that its readers might not appreciate the disaster, draws a parallel case in which it supposes that two hundred of the New York's four hundred were burned while holding a charity bazaar in that city.

In spite of artificialness and distinctions that exist among people while they live, nature tears away the veil at times, and in the supreme moment of life and death the wretched Countess, roughly buffeted about by the panic-stricken heard, was as much dependent on herself and received as much consideration, and only as much, as the most insignificant victim overwhelmed the week before by the rushing waters of that Southern river. In the present newspaper age it is hard to say how many common people would have had to perish ere the heart of the newspaper men would have been stirred to the extent it was when this awful reminder of mortality came to the noblesse of Paris.

ONE of the loveliest society events in the history of Fiji was the recent wedding of Hokopolambo Tutifuti, Governor of Rewa, Tui Sawa, to Miss Adi Viukaba, granddaughter of the late King Thakombau. The bride was wrapped in an exquisitely woven mat, and she wore in addition a pink silk pianfore, the gift of the groom who was dressed in the conventional native costume with an agate nose ring of great value. After the ceremony the guests sat down to a sumptuous wedding feast of 600 cooked pigs, 300 turtles, and bananas and yams until they could not rest. After the wedding clam shells announce that the happy pair will be at home just as soon as the palm leaves can be cut to make a thatch.—Exchange.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, and disguises it to the sensitive palate. Some coats are too heavy; they won't dissolve, and the pills they cover pass through the system, harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill, with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook," with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

NEW YORK LETTER.

A European steamship, the Lahn sails from this port with \$1,500,000 gold coin for Paris. Paris is buying here because this is the cheapest market.

The Turks are having the best of their fight with Greece to date. The Greeks are in a terrible rage, which is chiefly directed against the royal family. Prince Constantine is hated, and has been branded a coward. Wounded men were left upon the station at Larissa, while the Royal members used the cars for their luggage, etc. All hope of success has vanished, but the patriots ask for one more battle to achieve honor.

Cuba and Spain are still at it. Spain can never vanquish these brave Cubans. It is high time that the United States stepped in and put a stop to the slaughter of these brave men. When one patriot is killed, ten will spring up and take his place. These Cubans are fighting for their homes—for honor—and will win.

What a shame such a state of affairs exists in this supposed-to-be Christian world. With modern death-dealing guns a war is to be looked upon with horror.

On April 27 last in this city Grant-day was celebrated. Many thousands of visitors took in this great city. It was estimated that a half-million of strangers paid honor to General Grant's memory. A military parade of great magnitude, and a naval parade were the features of the day. The General has a beautiful monument at Riverside Park overlooking the most beautiful river in the world—the Hudson. The General's widow and family and grandchildren were on hand to witness the dedication of his monument. President McKinley addressed the vast assembly. The day was a cold, cheerless one, and those occupying seats on the open air stands had to stamp their feet to keep up the circulation.

The sport of baseball is now on. All the crack clubs of the League play ball in both this city and Brooklyn. The several clubs have been greatly strengthened, and the lovers of this delightful game expect to see wonderful work done by the League clubs.

Running races are starting in, and have an average attendance daily. The talent (those who know it all) have been quite successful.

Money is still tight in this locality. The predicted business boom has not put in an appearance as yet. Everyone whom you meet says that there will be great business revival. But when? I suppose when the tariff question is settled business will come up. Thousands of unemployed are walking the streets looking in vain for a chance to turn an honest penny. Cases of families being dispossessed occur daily. This city being a seaport town emigrants flock to it, and, instead of going West and locating in some new territory and laying the foundation of a home, they stay here, spend their last cent looking for work, and eventually are left high and dry upon our shores.

GEORGE M. SANOSTER,
May 4, 1897.

NEWS NOTES.

THOS. D. NEAL, of Richmond, dealer in tobacco, made an assignment; liabilities about \$198,000.

THERE are over 800 applicants for the 26 places to be supplied from the Republican party in the penitentiary.

A NEW species of rabbit has been found in Mexico, at an altitude of 9,000 feet, on Popocatepetl. It is very small, has short ears and no tail.

JAS. H. FEHR, former business manager of the West Virginian, has left Charleston under a cloud, having given a number checks which were worthless.

THE Seventh West Virginia Regiment will erect a monument to the dead of that Regiment at Gettysburg. There are about 400 survivors of that regiment now living.

TWO women were tarred by a mob of about twenty at Weston. The tar was heated and applied with white-wash brushes. It was almost impossible to remove it and the women may die.

By applying the principle of the turbine wheel to the propellers of a steam boat a speed of 37 1-2 miles an hour has been attained by the boat Turbinia on her trial trip. This rate of speed would cross the Ocean in about three days.

It is said that the Queen will make Mr. Gladstone a Knight of the Garter on her approaching jubilee. The Marquis of Salisbury will receive the title of duke. No commoner since the days of Sir Robert Walpole has been made a Knight of the Garter.

THE earth quake which visited this section on Monday, May 3rd, was noticed at this place by one who heard the sound and felt a jar but they took it for a clap of thunder and thought the jar which followed was incident to the concussion. Mr. W. G. Gray, of Monroe County, was in Marlinton and says that in his county it rocked houses and in his own the agitation was so great that it disturbed articles placed on the mantel piece. There were three distinct shocks felt at Wytheville, lasting about one minute each. The shock seemed most strongly felt about the Blue Ridge.

VIRGINIA has a State farm near Richmond on which are employed about two hundred convicts. A bold attempt at mutiny and escape was made on May 4 by the convicts. Twenty-four men were at work under three guards at a plant bed. A large negro named Christmas approached one of the guards, ostensibly to ask a favor, but when near he spat a large quantity of tobacco juice in his eyes and seized his rifle. Another guard promptly shot him twice with a Winchester rifle. The rest of the convicts started to run, but turned back on hearing the shots, with exception of James Mallory, from Alleghany County, who made his escape.

AN interesting controversy is reported by the Baltimore Sun as being in the Supreme Court of Appeals concerning the reading of the Bible in the public schools. A mandate from the circuit court seems to have been secured against the school-board of a certain district in Marion County, which was disregarded. The Junior Order of United American Mechanics lay this principle down as one of their strongest claims to the consideration of patriotic people, and they have taken up the fight. It is feared, says the article, that this case if carried to the Supreme Court will establish a precedent to bar the Bible from the public schools of the State. There certainly must be some mistake, or next we will all adopt the argument of Alfred Henry Lewis, in the New York Journal, that ours is not a Christian nation.